

Mary Richards

NO. 10.

PRETTY VERSES

FOR

ALL GOOD CHILDREN.



NEWARK, N. J.
BENJAMIN OLDS.

1844.

Price three cents.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif surrounds the text.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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COBB'S TOYS.

THIRD SERIES,

No. 10.

PRETTY VERSES

FOR

ALL GOOD CHILDREN;

IN WORDS OF

ONE, TWO, AND THREE SYLLABLES.



NEWARK, (N. J.):

BENJAMIN OLDS.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

ENTERED, according to the Act of Congress in the year 1836, by LYMAN COBB, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

P R E F A C E

TO THE THIRD SERIES.

This Series of Toys contains a more extensive and minute description of Animals, Birds, Fishes, Articles of Manufacture, &c. than was given in the First and Second Series.

This Series is intended for a larger class of my young friends than the preceding ones; and, it is hoped they will be both benefited and amused by their perusal.

In this as well as in all the other Series nothing has been permitted to find a place which is false, unnatural, or unphilosophical, or any details of conversations among animals which never *did*, and which never *can* take place.

It is believed that in the large field of Nature and Art, there are sufficient materials for descriptions and stories without launching into the field of Fiction and Falsehood, to find subjects which will be interesting to children.

To remove difficulties in the reading of these Stories as far as possible, and thereby render them more interesting, the language used in the descriptions is limited to words of ONE, TWO, and THREE SYLLABLES.

New York, March 1, 1836.

ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, late President of the United States, always spoke the truth. During his whole life he had great regard for truth, and was never known, under any circumstance, to make a false statement.

When he was about six years old, a friend of his gave him a hatchet. George thought it a very fine present and was constantly going about, chopping every thing that came in his way.

One very pleasant morning, he walked out into his father's garden with his hatchet in his hand. It was a beautiful garden, in which were flowers, of various kinds, such as pinks, lilies, lilachs, roses, &c. which greeted the eye at every step. George was delighted with the prospect around him.

In the east end of the garden was a quantity of pea-bushes which had been placed there by his excellent mother. These bushes were dry and dead so that the hacking of George's hatchet on

them did not do much hurt, except to weaken their strength and make them less able to bear the weight of peas that might grow on the pea-vines.

But George had the misfortune thoughtlessly to try the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree which he injured so much that it scarcely if ever got over it.

On the following morning his papa, in his walk in the garden, observed the injury done to his favourite cherry-tree, and after walking awhile, returned to the house, and inquired of the different members of the family whether any of them knew who had done the mischief, remarking, at the same time, that he would not have taken five dollars for the tree. No one was able to inform him, for there was no person in the garden with George when he cut the tree.

Presently George made his appearance with his hatchet in his hand.

“George,” said his papa, “do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?”



Little George with his Hatchet in his hand, and his Papa pointing to the ruined Cherry-tree.

This was an unpleasant question, and George staggered under it for a moment; then looking at his papa, he bravely cried out "I can not tell a lie, papa; you know I can not tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet!" "Run to my arms, my dearest boy", said his papa, "you have paid me for my tree a thousand times; I freely forgive you for kil-

ling it; and I hope my son will always be hero enough to tell the truth, let what will come."

I hope all my young friends will be as honest as little George Washington was, and remember *always to speak the TRUTH.*

THE TWO COTTAGE GIRLS.

IN a delightful town in New England, there lived a family of the name of Davis. Their residence was in a neat little cottage in a beautiful valley on the bank of a river, whose waters glided smoothly by the side of their humble but happy mansion. Mr. Davis had two daughters who were twins. Mrs. Davis took great pains to dress them alike, and always to have them make a neat appearance. Their names were Helen and Maria. In pleasant, warm weather, they often took a walk by the river, and were much pleased with the delightful groves and

scenery, which their handsome valley presented to their view.



Helen and Maria meet an old Gentleman with his little Dog by his side.

One fine morning they were neatly dressed by their mamma, and walked out as usual. A short distance from the house, they met an old gentleman who was very kind, wealthy, and friendly, and very fond of good children. His residence was in a very splendid man-

sion; in a village about two miles from the cottage of Mr. Davis. He wore a plain coat and an old-fashioned hat. Owing to his advanced age, he made use of spectacles—all which gave him a very grave appearance. The girls, who were then about ten years of age, had been taught by their good and excellent mamma, that aged people who conduct themselves properly, should always be treated with kindness, respect, and attention. They, therefore, as they came near the old gentleman, made a polite and modest courtesy to him.

Mr. Walker, (which was the name of the old gentleman), spoke very kindly to the girls, and inquired about their health and other matters connected with their family. Helen, who was not as diffident as Maria, answered Mr. Walker very frankly and modestly, and in such an artless manner that he was much pleased.

He inquired of them whether they would not prefer a residence in the village. They both informed him, that

they chose rather to remain in their cottage than in any other place. They had all the comforts of life ; and there they were able to take a walk by the side of their delightful river. They could also raise their own fowls and milk their own cows, all which was very nice sport for them.

They said there were many things which people who live in the village have that they, in their humble cottage, could not have ; yet they were quite happy, as they never wished for any thing which their kind parents were not able to furnish them.

The old gentleman was quite surprised at their candid and simple manners, as well as their wise and discreet remarks, and left them, and returned home, fully convinced that people who live in cottages may be happy, though they are poor, if they are only contented.

All young persons should remember, that contentment renders every good thing that we may enjoy doubly sweet ;

and that, without contentment, they would be wretched, if they had the richest palace for a dwelling.

ELIZA AND HARRIET.

ELIZA and Harriet were two very lovely girls. Eliza was twelve years old, and Harriet, her little sister, was six years old. Eliza was a very kind and good girl, and extremely fond of her little sister Harriet; who was also a sweet, pleasant child. Whenever their mamma purchased any thing for Eliza, or if she had a present of any thing, she always divided it equally with Harriet; and, if she wished any of her playthings, she would at once lend them to her, and never quarrel with her, or tease her.

The house in which they lived stood on a pleasant and delightful spot, from which all the surrounding country could be viewed. In rear of the house stood

a beautiful and stately sugar maple-tree, the branches of which spread over nearly all of the yard, and extended over a part of the roof of the house. Under this large tree, Eliza and Harriet spent a great deal of time, when they were not in school and the weather was pleasant. There they sometimes amused themselves with their dolls and other playthings, and sometimes Eliza would amuse Harriet with little stories which had been told to her, or which she had read in her little books. When they took a walk together, Eliza would take Harriet by the hand, and lead her along very carefully, always keeping her out of the dirt and wet places.

One fine morning they arose very early, and took a walk to inhale the pure air of the hills and mountains, just as the sun came forth to look upon the beauties of creation, while the lark soared high above them on its happy wings. Eliza was delighted with the sight; and, putting her left hand gently on Harriet's shoulder, pointed to the



Eliza pointing to the Lark, soaring in the sky.

Lark with her right hand. Harriet took off her bonnet, and put up her right hand to screen her eyes from the dazzling rays of the sun, while she looked at the beautiful bird. After they had walked a little farther, they returned home very cheerful and much refreshed.

One day her little sister Harriet wished her to teach her how to sew. So Eliza very patiently threaded the needle for her, made the knots in the ends of the thread, and basted down the hems for her, until Harriet was able to do these things herself.

Eliza takes care of her own clothes and always folds them up neatly, and shows her little sister to do so too ; and, therefore, she knows where they are and can find them in the dark as well as in the light. When she and Harriet come home from school, she takes the school books out of the basket, and puts them in their proper place, and never leaves them scattered about, to be in the way of her mamma.

Eliza and Harriet were both such excellent children, that their mamma scarcely ever had any occasion to chide them or find fault with them ; and, all who were acquainted with them, esteemed them very highly.

THE CROSS GIRL.

HULDAH JONES is a very cross and peevish little girl. When she wishes any thing, she always whines or frets at the time she asks for it; and, never speaks in a pleasant manner.



Mrs. Jones washing Huldah's face, so that she could go to school.

When it is time for Huldah to go to school, and her mamma wishes to wash her face and hands, and comb her hair, she always murmurs or appears sulky, and scarcely ever bids her mamma-

ma good morning, or sets off cheerful and happy as good girls do. I hope none of my young female friends are like Huldah Jones

THE IMPRUDENT BOY.

PETER was always inclined to do what was not prudent, and would not mind what was said to him. At one time he would get upon the window-seat, and be in imminent danger of falling out of the window; at another time he would climb up on the back of a chair, so as to be in danger of falling when the person should rise who was sitting on the chair.

One day Peter wished to have some apples; and, his mamma told him that she would send for some to the orchard as soon as the hired man should come in to his dinner. Peter, who was then but six years old, told his mamma, that he could climb the tree and get some



Peter falling from the Apple-tree.

himself. His mamma answered him, that she feared he would fall and hurt him badly. He waited a few moments for the man to come: and, as soon as his mamma was out of sight, ran to the orchard, got into one of the trees, fell, and broke his arm. Poor Peter wept bitterly, when the Doctor came to set the broken bone!



